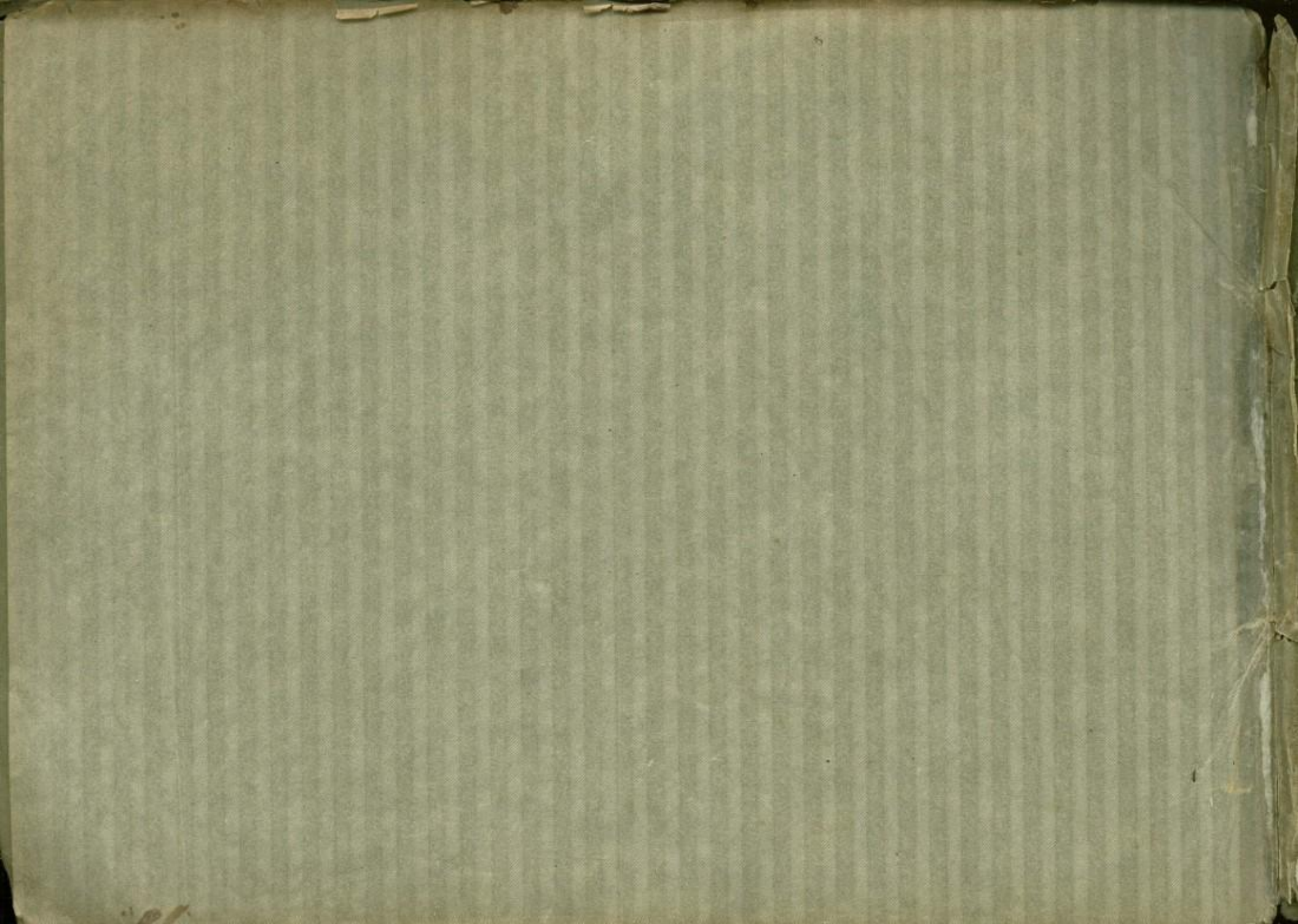


THE HOOT

P.R.H.S. 1921





James M. M.

The Students Creed



A student in Park Ridge High School will pledge myself to honor and obey my teachers; to work faithfully every day. I will be cheerful and ever courteous to my school mates and will always smile through my troubles. I will uphold my school in athletics, debating and all social activities, and above all, I will uphold the name of my school and the high ideals for which it stands.

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To
Mrs. James Leach

whose generosity and whose love
of learning made possible this, our
senior year, The Class of Nineteen-
hundred-twenty-one of the Park
Ridge High School respectfully
dedicates this volume.



Mrs. Beatrice Bach Stumpf

whose wonderful help and hearty co-operation have enabled the Class of 1921 to carry its senior year to a successful close and to whom we are indebted for whatever success this volume may achieve.



Mr. Louis J. Schmerber

Supervising Principal of Park Ridge High School, who is laboring untiringly for a larger and better school.

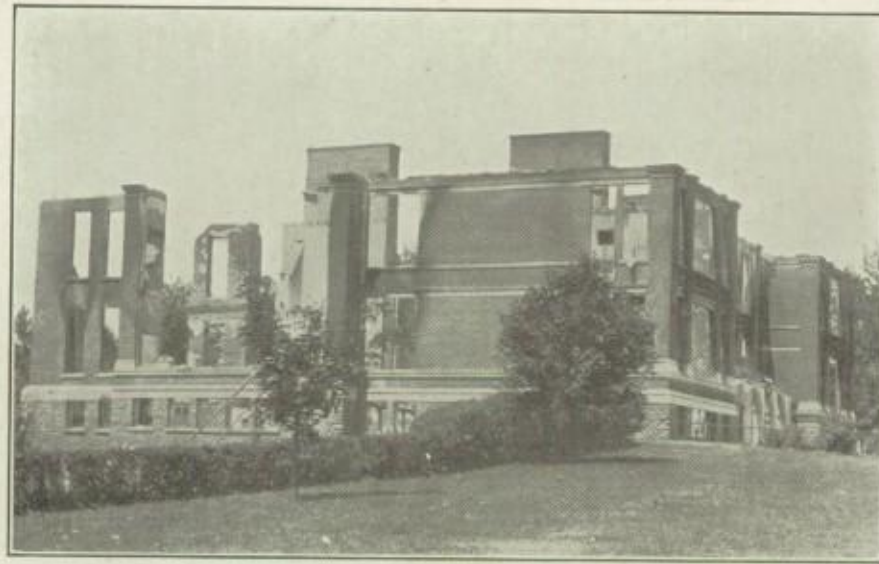


History of Park Ridge High School

IN eighteen hundred and eight the first schoolhouse was erected in Park Ridge. It was a wooden building of one room, in fact a typical country school. At this time there were about thirty pupils in attendance. About eighteen hundred and fifty-five the old building was found to be too small. After long and heated discussions, the citizens of Park Ridge

finally decided to build a new one. The new school altho somewhat larger was still composed of only one room. Shortly after this another room was added and the faculty doubled in numbers: there were now two teachers. The school remained the same until eighteen hundred and ninety, when it was once more enlarged at a cost of some four thousand dollars. This was only after a hard struggle between the farmers and the city people or commuters who had moved to Park Ridge from New York.

The number of students, however, continued to increase and in nineteen hundred and seven it be-



came obvious that the old building could no longer be used. Accordingly the people of Park Ridge voted forty thousand dollars for a new building to be built at the corner of Main Street and Park Avenue. The land on which the school was to be built was bequeathed to the town by the late Mayor James Leach and was admirably suited to the purpose. The cornerstone of the new building was laid in May, nineteen hundred and eight. The following September the school was completed and the students entered a building which was palatial when compared to the one which they had been occupying.

The high school was started in nineteen hundred and six. The first year there were but ten students in attendance, but the school grew rapidly and in four years we had a school giving a full four year course approved by the state. Neighboring towns sent their students to the high school, thus swelling the number considerably.

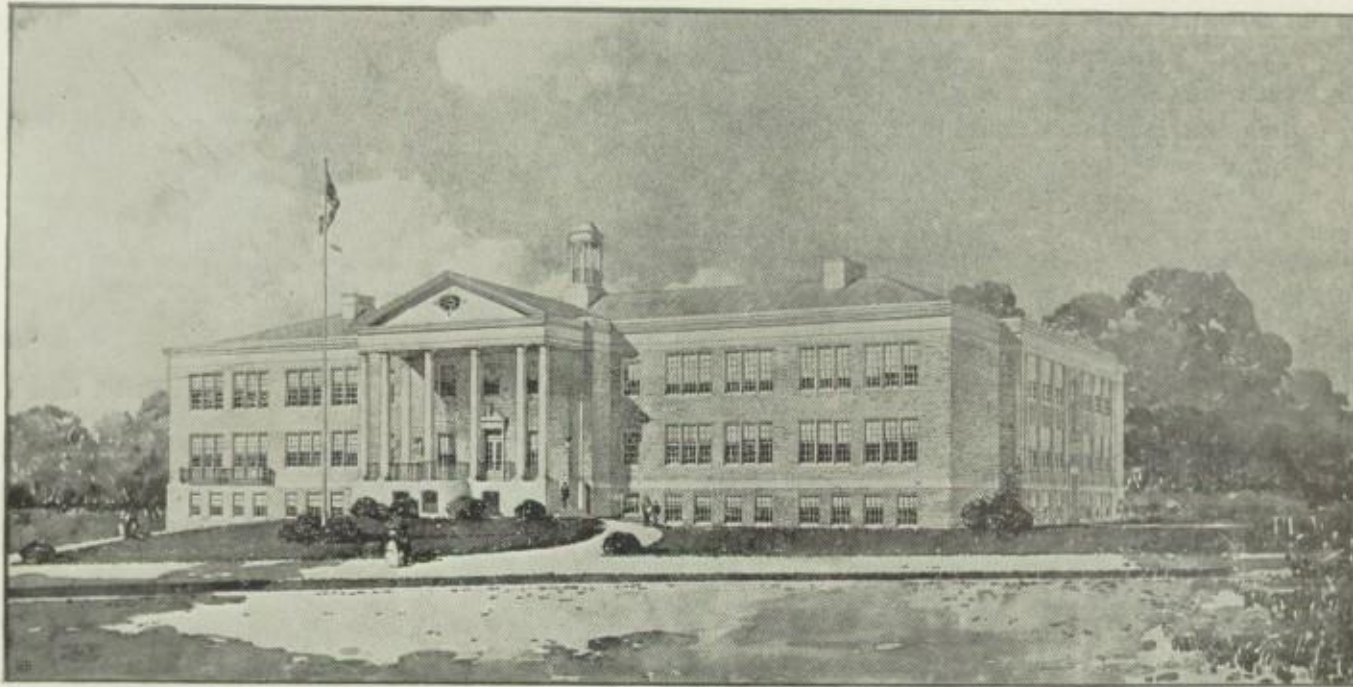
In nineteen hundred and twelve manual training was added to the curriculum and, a year later, printing and domestic science. The school building could not accommodate these new branches and therefore a building on Park Avenue was leased. Here the girls in the domestic science de-



partment prepared delicious lunches which they sold to the students at a minimum charge. On the upper floor of this new building were spacious apartments which were, and still are, occupied by a large part of the non-resident faculty. The commercial classes were also held in this building. Since it was but two minutes' walk from the main building the students could travel back and forth with but small loss of time.

From this time on Park Ridge High School progressed steadily until nineteen hundred and twenty. Her academic standing became higher each year. Her graduates entered the best col-

leges and universities in the United States. Many of these higher institutions admitted graduates of Park Ridge without examination, thus showing that our high standards were becoming universally known. In athletics also our fame spread throughout the northern part of New Jersey and the southern part of New York. At various times we were Northern New Jersey Champions in football, basketball, and baseball. DeWitt, star track man at Rutgers was a student of Park Ridge High School. Park Ridge teams came to be feared by small high schools, while the larger ones viewed us with respect and admiration, and knew that



they were in for a tussle when they played against our men.

Thus things ran smoothly on and everybody looked forward to an even more successful future for "the high school on the height." And then—disaster! How many of us will ever forget that Monday morning in June, nineteen hundred and twenty? Who will ever fail to remember the sight which struck our eyes as we approached our alma mater? There in the place of our beautiful

building lay a smoldering ruin. Destroyed by fire, nothing saved, a heap of scorched bricks and twisted iron! We stood dazed and sorrowful without knowing what to do or where to turn. Later in the morning we were assembled in the Volunteer Fire Hall. Mr. Schmerber addressed us. He said that he realized the terrific shock it was to all of us and that it was just as much of a shock to him. But, he continued, we must not shirk our duty, we must finish the school year no

matter what obstacles are in the way. The prime idea in his talk was that we should "carry on." And we did. Never has such a record been equalled in any school. Examinations were to have started on Monday morning, they began that afternoon. We held examinations in all the public buildings in the town. With wonderful cooperation between the faculty and student body the examinations were run off smoothly and the records compiled. The student body organized to raise money during the summer for equipment for the new school. The people of the town met and with tremendous enthusiasm voted almost three hundred thousand dollars for a new school, work upon which was to begin at once.

However, this did not settle the problem of where we were to attend high school for the year, while the new school was in the course of construction. Then came forward one of the town's most generous citizens, Mrs. Leach, with an offer of her house for the use of the high school. We gladly accepted her unusual offer and when the term opened in September we found ourselves installed in the spacious rooms of the Leach mansion.

For those who come to school every morning by train the distance to walk was almost doubled. Many of the Park Ridge students were forced to bring their lunches because the school was too far from their homes. But, in spite of all drawbacks,

attendance has been just as regular as in former years and the general standing of the students has been just as high. Both the student body and the faculty have exhibited a wonderful spirit of cooperation under difficulties and the attitude of them both is to be commended to the highest degree. Park Ridge has a right to feel proud of its school in every way, nor will those students from other towns soon forget the efficient manner in which Park Ridge looked after their interests throughout the year.

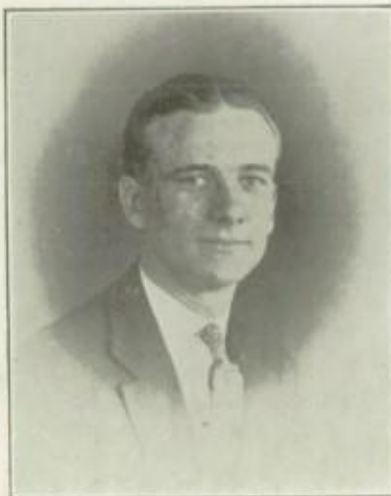
The new school is now in the process of erection and will probably be finished in time for school to be held in it a few months of next year. When finished it will be one of the best high schools in New Jersey both in regard to the building itself and the equipment which will be installed. It will have a large auditorium, spacious classrooms, well equipped laboratories, and a wonderful gymnasium. In fact, the new school will be a building of which any town may be justly proud.

In conclusion, it would seem that all thru the history of Park Ridge High School it has been essentially the spirit of the people connected with it, which has made it progress. The faculty, students, people of the town all have worked to forward the cause of education in Park Ridge, and we feel sure that their past successes will be surpassed only by those of the future.



Faculty

Sidney Brooks, B. A.
Dora E. Willenbucher
Caroline B. Rumery
Beatrice B. Stumpf, M. A.
Louis J. Schmerber, Ped. B.
Mae A. Emmons
Evelyn M. Allen, B. A.
Mabel I. Hartt



ALBERTSON, DONALD GRIEVE

Football	'17, '18, '19, '20
Basketball	'18, '19, '20
Captain Basketball	'19, '20
Ass't Manager Basketball	'17
Baseball	'19, '20
Debating	'21
Owl Staff	'20
Class President	'17
Class Vice-President	'18
Secretary A. A.	'18
Vice-President Students' Organization	'20
Cheer Leader	

BAKER, JOYCE ISABELLE

Hoot Staff	
Basketball	'19, '20
Captain Basketball	'20





BECK, THEODORA CLAUDINE

Treasurer A. A.	'20
Class Treasurer	'20, '21
Basketball	'19, '20
Owl Staff	'20
Hoot Staff	

BURLINGTON, ARTHUR JAMES

Hoot Staff	
Football	'19, '20
Basketball	'19, '20
Captain Basketball	'20
Baseball	'20
Cheer Leader	'21





CHAPMAN, RALPH HENRY

Football	'20		
Manager Football	'19, '20		
Basketball	'20		
Ass't Manager Basketball	'19		
Cheer Leader	'19		
Manager Baseball	'19, '20		
Owl Staff	'18, '19, '20		
Debating	'20, '21		
Hoot Staff			

COOPER, DOUGLAS EDWARD

Owl Staff	'20
Debating	'20
Hoot Staff	





DICKSON, KENNETH HOPPER

Football	'18, '19, '20
Baseball	'19, '20
Owl Staff	'18, '19, '20
Class Secretary	'18
Class President	'19, '20
Manager Basketball	'18, '19, '20
Vice-President A. A.	'20
Treasurer Students' Organization	'20
Debating	'21
Hoot Staff	

ELLEN, LOUISE RITTA

Member A. A.





ENGLE, FRANCIS JESTER
Member A. A.

GRONQUIST, CARL HARRY

Owl Staff	'19, '20
Vice-President Class	'20
Class Secretary	'21
Debating	'19, '20
President Students' Organization	'20
Hoot Staff	





HOFFMAN, VIOLA MAY
Literary Digest Manager '19
Hoot Staff

HEALE, JAMES ALFRED

Football	'18, '19, '20
Baseball	'19, '20
Captain Baseball	'19
Class President	'18
President Y. M. C. A.	'20
Owl Staff	'20
Hoot Staff	
Secretary Students' Organization	'20
Orchestra	





HAGAN, WILLIAM EUGENE

JACOT, JAMES WATSON
Orchestra
Forensic Society '17





KUEHN, RICHARD ADOLPH

Football	'18, '19, '20
Orchestra	
Baseball	'19 ,
Hoot Staff	
Vice-Pres. Y. M. C. A.	'19



MARSH, ARLINE

Owl Staff	'19, '20
Basketball	'20
Manager Basketball	'20



NELSON, MARGARET FRANCIS
Basketball '19, '20

ROSEMUND, ETHEL ELIZABETH
Owl Staff '20
Vice-President Class '17, '20
Class Treasurer '19





SCHRIEVER, MARIE DOWNS
Basketball '20

STEVER, ROBERT WELLER

Football	'20
Basketball	'18, '19, '20
Class Treasurer	'17
Owl Staff	'19, '20
Debating	'21
Vice-President A. A.	'21
Baseball	'19, '20





WHITEFIELD, GEORGE FREDERICK

Football	'18, '19, '20
Baseball	'19
Owl Staff	'20
Secretary A. A.	'21
Class Secretary	'20

Class Prophecy



MY life, up to my 35th birthday, had been happy and prosperous, tho uneventful. I was wont to live in the present, and in the future, rather than dwell on thoughts of the past, or seek half forgotten faces of long ago. On my 35th birthday, however, there occurred a circumstance which brought the past vividly before me. My uncle (who was a confirmed globe trotter), was pleased to give me a rather peculiar gift, which he said had belonged to a rajah of India, to the father of the rajah, to his father's father—in fact, had been in the family as far back as men could remember. The tales of bloodshed and horror, the deeds committed to keep the treasure in the family would fill volumes. My fascinating gift was no other than a large crystal globe, of wonderful clearness, supported on the backs of three ivory elephants perfect in every detail. At once I felt the mystery, the suggestion of oriental splendors and romances, and the call of the story of the crystal.

I was settled before a roaring fire, alone, meditating, with the globe before me. As I studied minutely the beauty of the ivory, and the crystal clearness of the sphere, I was startled by seeing

the nearest elephant shudder; his sides seemed to quiver. But the next moment I forgot the elephants in my wonder at the globe. From crystal clearness, it clouded over, slowly growing opaque, then gray, finally turning impenetrable black. Lo! a flicker of flame—a camp fire. Slowly the vision grew clearer. I started—that face was familiar. Then I remembered my high school class. There was James Jacot, standing before a camp fire, apparently seeking to convert the natives to the Christian faith. Tears filled my eyes when I thought how I had misjudged my old school fellow. But wait! There is confusion; a fierce tribe of pigmies appear. Then the globe mercifully clouded over again, in time to prevent my seeing the horrible customs of the head hunting tribes of Central Africa.

A far gayer scene next appeared before my bewildered eyes—a line of beautiful chorus girls from the "Midnight Review."—Ah! just as I had predicted back in the dear old Park Ridge High—Ethel Rosemund, her beautiful hair bobbed and marcelled, led the group in the most daring of new steps, to the jazziest of music. Ethel was smiling sweetly at a young man in the front row, whom she termed her "best friend." As my eyes follow the retreating line of maidens, I got glimpses of the life behind the scenes. Once more

I saw a familiar face—George Whitefield—the successful producer of the "Review." At first it was hard to recognize my classmate. He had grown noticeably stouter, but was clothed in the height of fashion, wearing several immense diamonds set in platinum rings. Fortune seemed to have treated him well. He had not yet outgrown his school boy habits, however, for I noticed that he was matching \$20 gold pieces with a pretty brunette, who had bobbed hair, and a good natured Irish mouth.

Here the scene changed—a milky white o'er spread the globe. From out the mist the intellectual face of Dora Beck appeared to me. She was seated at an organ; it was early evening. A few beams of golden sunlight from a stained glass window lighted up her face. She was apparently an organist of a great cathedral. The large congregation sat spellbound, entranced at the melodious music that she drew from the keys. I leaned forward anxiously, to learn more of my friend—alas, in a last glory of the setting sun, the crowded church, the organ and the organist, faded from my sight, giving place, immediately, to a little scene of so called "domestic bliss." My well known friend, Margaret Nelson, was in the act of throwing her husband out of the house for daring to speak back to her. Tensely I watched the ensuing confusion. Hubby disappeared, closely fol-

lowed by a plate, a frying pan, and a salt cellar. After an interval of what was probably one second by my watch, but which appeared to be several hours, Margaret's husband returned—penitent. My friend's ever warm heart was softened. The picture that was left with me, was that of a couple sitting at eventide on a vine covered porch—peace and happiness supreme once more.

By this time, the edge of my surprise had worn off. The elephants, now, seemed totally awake, their sides rising and falling in regular motion. I looked again at the globe. A scene of Oriental splendor met my eyes—the palace of the ruler in the land of cherry blossoms, and, could I believe my eyes? Frances Engle, now Empress of China: she seemed more quiet, subdued, and sober than the girl I had known in high school, but she brightened when her husband entered the room. Rising, with the grace that had made her famous in aesthetic dancing under Miss Hartt, she bowed three times to the floor. His highness kissed her hand; Frances evidently retained her old dislike of being caressed, for she stiffened, but did not dare to show her displeasure.

The next scene that appeared in the ever changing globe was one of sadness. A great court, a lovely woman on trial, and an able lawyer defending her. I recognized in the woman Joyce Baker, whom I had known in school. Her face was pale

and tear stained. I gathered, in an instinctive way, that her husband, a Mr. Tony Battlebeano had died of poisoning, in the first week of their married life. It seems that Joyce had endeavored to make some of that green icing for which her mother had been famous in our school days, and had gotten the Paris green in place of the coloring matter, by mistake. It was a truly pitiful scene. From the white face of the accused, I turned to the lawyer so ably defending her cause. I was startled to recognize Eugene Hagan. The stirring words of his defense brought tears to the eyes of the listeners. Even the Judge was visibly affected. The jurors' verdict was, "not guilty." As the scene began to change I saw that my one time friend had begun to vamp the Judge, who was young and really handsome.

I next recognized in the person of a successful banker, Kenneth Dickson, our class president. He had hurried from his estate in San Francisco to his home in New York, worried by the news that his daughter had been twice seen in the company of a middle aged man of unknown station. On the very night of Mr. Dickson's homecoming, the man presented himself. After several puzzled glances, the Banker recognized his old classmate Douglas Cooper. It seemed that Douglas, after several years of newspaper reporting, had found it too strenuous, and had taken to writing free

verse. His imagination, so highly cultivated in Latin class, and his great mathematical ability, now stood him in good stead. I also gathered, in the course of their conversation, that this was the very Cooper whose name is so frequently coupled with that of Amy Lowell, the best known of all in the realm of free verse.

At last there presented itself a truly happy home. A happy family, gathered around a roaring fire, glad to rest, after a strenuous day of country sports. By the flickering light of the fire, I at last recognized Donald Albertson, one of the "big four" of the Class of '21, as the head of the family. Donald, having won his fortune and his wife by giving his valuable advice whenever it was needed, now owned a mansion in New York, as well as several country estates, best loved of which was his place on Long Island Sound.

Here the globe began to quiver, internal turmoil shook it, and the peaceful scene faded. When the crystal was again clear I saw Arthur Burlington, an engineer, directing the building of the first bridge across the Amazon River. He had evidently had troubles of his own, and his ability to argue was as well pronounced as ever. As he confided to one of his friends, he had married a French girl by the name of O'Reilly, and she had divorced him because he favored "home rule."

The next scene took me to Egypt, where Louise Ellin made her living by weird, sinuous dancing, and snake charming. Louise had refused three princes, and an emperor, and was "still going strong." I watched eagerly to see how her story ended—she was at last happily married to the caretaker of the biggest Pyramid, and in place of a cat, they keep a few cobras as pets.

The scene changed rapidly. I next saw Carl Gronquist, teaching a class in history at Harvard. He had already written his 4th history, and was now working on statistics for a history of the Esquimo tribes of North America. I was amazed at the popularity of his works.

Richard Kuehn, I now saw, was a movie actor. His popularity was greater than that of Douglas Fairbanks, Wm. S. Hart, Charlie Chaplin, and Wallace Reid, all put together, had ever been. His smile had won him fame. I seemed to hear several girls talking—one had proposed twice, only to be rejected by Dick, while the others were contemplating proposing, firmly intending, if failure met their efforts, to die like the unhappy Dido of old.

Can that be Robert Stever, the baseball star, basketball prodigy, and football wonder? This is no athlete! He is a man of medium height, very slender, hair parted in the middle, with a mous-

tache about the size of a baby's eyebrow; his eyes are exquisitely blue, with an innocent air. He wears a delicate wrist watch. But wait—there's an explanation. He is the greatest detective in America today, now employed by Miss Marie Schriever to recover her pet monkey, who had been seduced or stolen by some unprincipled person. Miss Schriever does not recognize her old friends any more—she is now one of the "four hundred"—having inherited a million dollar mouse trap factory, at the death of her mother's brother.

I next see James Heale—and in a minute is portrayed to me thirty years of his life—thirty years spent in courting the "lady of his heart." Little did he understand her spirit—he wooed her by what he designated "cave man stuff" or then "treat 'em rough" method. After nearly a life time of vain effort, he hit upon the plan of melting her stubborn spirit with melodious music from his renowned fiddle. It worked like a charm. Never again will this modern Orpheus doubt that "music hath charms to soothe the savage breast."

Now I saw a change was about to take place. From milky white to Royal Purple, then to navy blue, and stripes of white and red—so the crystal changed. Ah! the President of the United States: Ralph Chapman, elected by the greatest popular

vote ever known in the United States. I see a busy day at the White House. After a morning of tedious work, our popular President gets into his basketball suit, and shoots a few baskets as he used to when he played on dear old Park Ridge's Basketball Team.

The scene changes, and I see Viola Hoffman—I understand, after a moment that she is Secretary of the Treasury. Ralph, knowing how able she is at raising money where money is not, has appointed her to this position of honor. Her latest way of raising money is the issuing of 24 million dollars worth of bonds, to be sold at 24c apiece to every school child in America.

I catch a glimpse of myself, next, old and gray, celebrating the event of my first successful angel cake, baked with 42 eggs.

Now with a sigh the elephants seem to shrink. Their eyes no longer blaze. Gradually my globe becomes crystal clear again. Again it is nothing but a pretty toy. But it left me with the desire to be again in the Senior Class of Park Ridge High School, with my former classmates, and turned my mind from the uncertain future to the past, so full of memories.

Class History

Class of twenty-one, that four long years has
spent—

Four years as full of joy and happiness
As to our hearts four years have ever lent—
In Park Ridge Halls, the house of learnedness.
O Class, it is of you I tell, and of your deeds.

I.

WHEN Autumn's glory filled the land
In Nineteen Seventeen, a band
Of Freshmen entered Park Ridge High,
To fight that her fame might never die.
In number six and forty—a small class; proud—
They organized and chose a leader;
An Albertson, this year, dear reader,
Did lead them well and spread their fame.
They helped to honor the High School's name,
In basket-ball and on the field,—
They took its friendship for their shield.
Then when the spring had touched the earth,
They gave a banquet, where the mirth
Of all the year o'er flowed in fun—
The night was done ere half begun.
Then Freshmen and Seniors to desks returned
That June might show their lessons learned.

II.

When the next autumn saw the class returned,
To seek joy elsewhere ten had turned;
But those that stayed were proud of rank
And as Sophomores ne'er in oblivion sank,
For Heale was their leader through the year.
Hazing, they caused the Freshmen fear.
Then to athletics they turned their minds,
Playing on teams and forgetting the grind.
Late autumn found the plot afoot
To give a dance and masque, to boot,
Where each did come in strange disguise
To fill his classmates with surprise.
But this was not the only thing,
That made their name in Park Ridge ring,
A dance was given to the Seniors
That they might know the proper honors.
When in the spring Park Ridge's name
Was challenged for debate, it then became
A Sophomore to speak for his class and school
On the team of debaters, wise and cool.
So the Sophomores spent the year
And left in June with conscience clear.

III.

When fall did herald in the class,
But six and twenty through the portals passed.
Though lacking numbers the Juniors were eager
To prove, though many a class was bigger

They would work and win, with Dickson as leader.
In Autumn, then, it chanced a ring was ta'en.
A ring forever to stand for fame.
Each placed the golden circlet on
Ne'er to be moved till years have flown.
As March with wild and blustr'y wind
Ushered St. Patrick's day again,
The Juniors secretly plotted and planned
For dances, refreshments, and even a band,
To honor the Seniors with a dance;
A moon was provided to add some romance.
The Seniors were pleased, and the Juniors were
proud;
The dance a success, was by all allowed.
Then e'er the year in gladness was classed
O'er all the land the news was passed:
Before the beam of morning light
Was twinkling over hilltops bright,
The dreaded fire gained a hold
And through the corridors, with bold,
Relentless strides, the fire went:
The school was gone, e'er morn had lent
Its rosy glamour, cheery bent.

IV.

Twenty-one Seniors was the class
Highest of all the classes at last.
Instead of to classrooms and halls beloved,
They climbed to a house, the town, above,

Where in a classroom cool and bright,
They strove to study with all their might.
Then in November, e'er the snow did fall
The Seniors challenged the classes all,
To a game of football—conditions were there,
But the Seniors won—fought well and fair.
Soon bells proclaimed a Christmas tide—
To knock some one each Senior tried;
Then luncheon was served and spirits restored;
Best wishes for Christmas on every one poured.
On the 'leventh of February, cold and drear,
The Juniors filled their hearts with cheer—
They gave a dance—a wondrous Prom
Decorations in red and white were done
To honor St. Valentine's memory.


O famed class, still must your story live
Mid future halls, on strangers' tongues must
thrive.

Still must your history to all classes give
An impetus to worthy deeds, and will to strive.

Last Will and Testament

of the

Class of 1921

 HE appointed hour has now arrived when it is our sad but necessary duty to make known unto you the terms and provisions of that sacred and solemn document, the last will and testament of the deceased.

We, the members of the royal and sovereign Senior Class of 1921 of the Park Ridge High School, of the Borough of Park Ridge, of the County of Bergen, of the State of New Jersey, and of the United States of America, being all of the same, sound, and intelligent mind, memory, and understanding, but aware of the uncertainty of life and mindful of the great sorrow and bereavement to be caused by our most gracious selves upon our departure from these beloved and hallowed halls of fame and learning, do wish to make some bequests to those underclassmen, our humble admirers, mementoes to comfort them in the gloomy and sorrowful times which will follow our demise.

Our last and most urgent wish it is, that this most honorable and estimable class be always spoken of in tones of awe and respect; and that we be laid to rest in some quiet and peaceful spot in the vicinity of our cherished school, again, that we may be buried here in the most inexpensive, yet solemn manner that can be devised.

The Girls of the Class of 1921 do hereby devise, bequeath, and hand down to the girls of the lower classes the following sundry articles and privileges, to wit:

First: That pleasing grace and beauty for which they have for four years been renowned in county, state, and nation.

Second: That obliging and uplifting habit of giving their free and candid opinion as regards all weighty matters in general.

Third: That highly unique custom of allowing no Senior girl to enter the portals of the Senior Class Room with her hair bobbed (Joyce excepted) or her dainty face besmirched by any artificial aid to beauty with which Dame Nature was not inclined to endow her.

Fourth: That privilege of employing the pictures in the Senior Room as mirrors just as hats are being given their final pull and the various coiffures their final pat.

Fifth: Joyce Baker leaves not only to the girls of the lower classes but also to the boys of the above named classes her Irish and her notoriously flaunted love of the green.

Sixth: Louise Ellin leaves to any girl of the lower classes who can lay claim to it, the privilege of being the most boisterous and noisy girl in the school.

Seventh: Arline Marsh leaves to Ruth Baillie her faithful, but almost worn out, powder puff, with strict instructions never to let it suffer from lack of use, and to have it ready always in time of need.

Eighth: Frances Engle leaves to Helen Odell, who is famous in our institution of learning as the shrinking violet, some of her unseemly manners and a dash of coquetry with which to enliven "little Helen" somewhat.

Ninth: Dora Beck leaves, with much relief, to Elizabeth Tibbs her position and her ability as a forward on the world-famed Girls' Basketball Team, a team which holds the unique distinction of losing almost every game played.

Tenth: Marie Schriever leaves to the lower classes her standard text book on mathematics, "The Complexities of Plain Geometry."

The Boys of the Class of 1921 do hereby bequeath, bestow, and give to the boys of the lower classes various articles, privileges, etc., to wit:

First: The boys of the Senior Class leave to the boys of the Junior Class their envied power and influence over the feminine members of the class, trusting that the Junior boys will dominate the suffragist spirit of their class as well as have the boys of the Class of 1921, and will continue to do until the parting of the ways—let's hope.

Second: To Arno Pause, Eugene Hagan leaves his habit of having all of his lessons painstakingly prepared, especially the written ones in French, *before classes*. "Cap" knows the power of example, and so he has labored hard all year that he might leave a valuable legacy to Arno.

Third: Kenneth Dickson, Donald Albertson, and Ralph Chapman leave to George Albertson the right and privilege of parting his hair in the middle, thereby enhancing (?) his beauty in order to make a greater hit with the girls, in a word, to follow faithfully in the steps of his illustrious brother, "Doc."

Fourth: To Bill Mullan, "Whitey" leaves his position as court jester of the Senior Class. Bill may be funny, but it's only because he can't help it, while "Whitey" has brought his great and

powerful mind to bear on the subject in such a manner that he puts out one hundred and one witty sayings a day. However, on account of the high cost of production the "dear Boy" gave notice only last week that he would have to decrease his daily output to ninety-one, and the publishers of joke books are going bankrupt all over the country.

Fifth: Douglas Cooper leaves to the future students of Biology his aptitude for the study of that science, along with his remarkable ability in coining scientific terms upon the spur of the moment to the consternation of his disparing teacher and the amusement of his hearers.

The Class of 1921 bequeaths, bestows, and hands down to the lower classes certain sundry and various articles, privileges, and rights, to wit:

First: To the Class of 1922 we, the Senior Class of 1921, leave twenty-one pairs of worn-out shoes, shoes that have faithfully carried us up and down on the rocky road to learning, i. e., the road leading to the school.

Second: The Class of 1921 bequeaths to Miss Hartt the privilege of sweetly consoling those of the lower classmen that fail to show their natural (?) physical grace to advantage.

Third: The Class of 1921 leaves to the boys of the lower classes a large bottle of glue. The boys of the Senior Class have found this very effective in preserving their hair combs and it is hoped that the boys of the lower classes may take advantage of our experience, for alas, it is sometimes sadly necessary, particularly for certain members of the Junior Class.

Fourth: To the Class of 1922 the Senior Class bequeaths its cherished mantelpiece. It is *explicitly* required, however, that it should not be required to hold more than fifteen Literary Digest, ten notebooks, twelve text books of different sizes, shapes, and dimensions, two boxes of chalk, and an equivalent of twenty sticks of gum at one time, as it is desired that this mantel be in such a condition as to be transferable to the Senior Classes which are to come.

Fifth: To the lower classmen, and to all future students of the Park Ridge High School, the Class of 1921 gives the advice of refraining from publishing a yearbook, if the said underclassmen value their health—in evidence witness the pale, anemic looking members of the present Senior Class who are bent over almost double, and whose brows are creased with wrinkles fully an inch deep from worry and over work because of

the labor and expense of publishing this issue of the "Hoot."

Sixth: To all, we, the sovereign Senior Class of 1921, do utter these few solemn words of instruction and advice. Strive to develop the highest characters of manhood and womanhood, as shown by the members of our own dear class, stray not from the straight and narrow path, and eat not of the forbidden fruit which flourishes at all seasons in the vicinity of our venerable institution of learning and the higher arts. If you obey these few rules, minions, you will some day approach somewhat the virtues and the noble characteristics of the Class of 1921.

Lastly: As sole executor of this, our last will and testament, we, the Class of 1921, do hereby appoint James Tatem, Esq., a person who, because of his gigantic stature, his superb physique, and his powerful mental capacities, is fully capable, in our opinion, of seeing the provisions of this solemn document carried out to be the minutest detail.

This document was signed and sealed on this 23rd day of June, in the year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and twenty-one, and duly witnessed, in the presence of the said witnesses and testator.

(Signed)

CLASS OF 1921.

Witnesses:

MISS ALLEN
MR. BROOKS



Class of 1922

Class of 1922

President.....OWEN CLARKE

Vice President.....HENRY PISACANO

Secretary.....CATHARINE ATKINS

Treasurer.....MARGARET O'BRIEN

ANSTEY, RUSSELL

ATKINS, CATHARINE

BAILLIE, RUTH

BASS, ALINE

CLARKE, OWEN

ENGLE, LILLIAN

HATTON, MARION

HAYDEN, HAZEL

HOLGREN, ELSIE

IHNEN, DOROTHY

KYLE, ALAN

LORING, MARGARET

BOARDMAN, BESSY

MERTON, MURIEL

MULLAN, WILLIAM

O'BRIEN, MARGARET

ODELL, HELEN

OPPERMANN,
MARGARET

PAUSE, ARNO

PISACANO, HENRY

SNEDEN, RUTH

STARK, MYRTLE

TATEM, JAMES

TER KUILE, REINOLD

TER KUILE, ROGER



Class of 1923

Class of 1923

President.....HARRY DIERMAN
Vice President.....HARRY BURLINGTON
Secretary.....MARGARET CULBERT
Treasurer.....JOSEPH BECK

ALBERTSON, GEORGE
ATKINS, EMORIE
BECK, JOSEPH
BOOTH, HERRICK
BURLINGTON, HARRY
BRENNAN, HELEN
BURKLE, LILLIAN
CONOVER, VIOLET
CULBERT, MARGARET
DIERMAN, HARRY
FOELLER, GEORGE
GHELARDI, IRENE

HAUBNER, JAMES
HATHAWAY, JOHN
JACOBS, AGNES
KESSEL, PHILIP
KLOMAN, HENRY
KECK, DOROTHY
KUGLER, GRACE
LOCKWOOD, GEORGE
LONDON, HELEN
MARSH, CHARLOTTE
MUELLER, GEORGETTE
PERKINS, CHARLES
PATTON, AGNES
PISACANO, ANTONETTE
SCHOFIELD, GEORGE
SERVO, ANDREW
STALTER, CLIFFORD
TOMPKINS, GEORGE
TERHUNE, MAE
VERBYST, MARTIN
WESTERVELT, HAROLD



Class of 1924

Class of 1924

President.....HANS PAUSE

Vice President.....HARRY WOOD

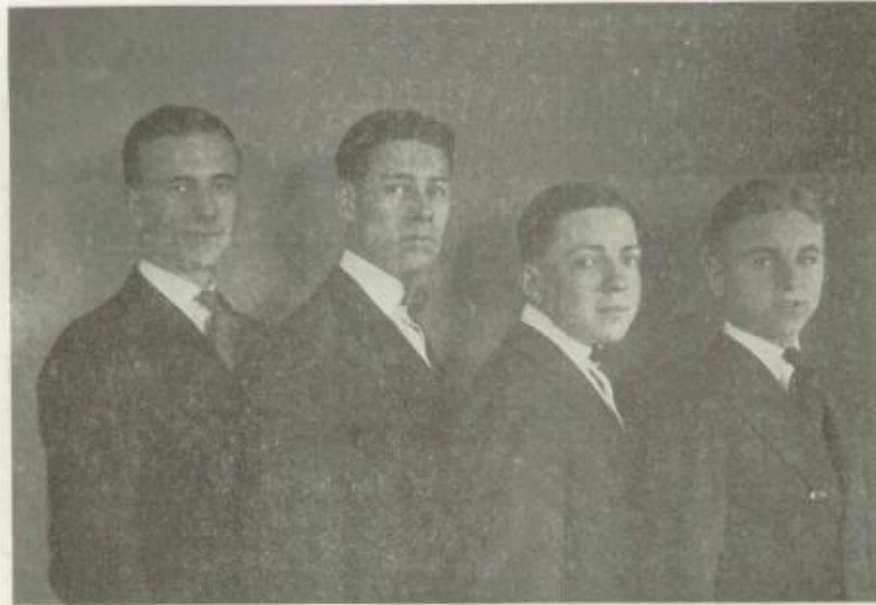
Secretary.....DOROTHY WHITE

Treasurer.....ELIZABETH ALBERTSON

ALBERTSON,
ELIZABETH
ARNAUDIN, HERBERT
BACK, EDNA
BARTALOT, LOUIS
BENNET, ARLINE
BENEDICT, BARBARA
BELCHER, RICHARD
CLARKE, MARGARET
DIXON, MILDRED
DIERMAN, CLARENCE
DUNCAN, FRANK
DWYER, WILLIAM
ENGLE, ESTELLE
FISCHER, AUGUST

FRAHN, WILLIAM
FISHER, JEAN
KUEHN, ALFRED
LUCKSTONE, ESTAIRE
LYON, ETHEL
MAHER, PATRICIA
MEYERHOFF,
THEODORE
MOORE, JACK
MORAN, ALVIN
O'BRIEN, KATHLEEN
PALISI, THOMAS
PATTON, KATHERINE
PAUSE, ELEANOR
PAUSE, HANS
PEDERSON, PHYLLIS
PERKINS, KATHLEEN
RILEY, MARTHA
FORBES, MILDRED
FRIEDEL, EDNA
FROSINE, ISADORA
GRAHAM, COLEMAN
GRIESCH, CATHARINE

HANSEN, MARIAN
HOLGERSON, WALTER
HERING, RUTH
HERRING, HELEN
HILBIG, HILDAGARDE
HOLGREN, ALVA
JONES, GRACE
KEESEY, RUTH
KRUPKA, VERA
ROSEMUND, WALTER
SAUNDERS, JESSE
TIBBS, ELIZABETH
TIBBS, THOMAS
TIEMAN, EDWIN
VAN FLEET,
LAWRENCE
VANDERPOEL, EDITH
WICKENDEN, ADA
WINTERS, KATHARINE
WHITE, DOROTHY
WHITE, HELEN
WOOD, HARRY



Debating

THE time for which the entire school and especially the Debating Team had so long and painstakingly been preparing, the evening of the eleventh of March, found the pupils and the faculty of the Park Ridge High School in a state of high excitement and most lively interest.

Fortunately, the weather man favored northern New Jersey with clear weather. At seven

o'clock promptly groups of students collected at the stations of the various towns in the vicinity of Park Ridge, waiting more or less impatiently for the arrival of the "bus" hired for the occasion. The students, however, were forced to wait more than half an hour after the time scheduled for the start for Leonia, and therefore, after much cheering, singing, and merry making, it was well toward nine o'clock before the auto had deposited its load before the Leonia High School building.

The crowds were soon assembled in the auditorium of the high school, and no sooner had the

orchestra ceased playing than the Leonia cheer leader was on the stage, leading some rousing, lively yells. Park Ridge, however, as may be readily imagined, was not backward in showing its spirit, so when Tatem, in a red and white skull cap and a pair of imitation tortoise shell rimmed spectacles, jumped onto the stage, the students and faculty were ready for business. The cheering and singing of both schools, all evening, was exemplary, although we Park Ridgeites will always contend that we had a little the better of it.

When the Rev. William Hannum arose to announce the conditions under which the debate was to be given, and to read the instructions of the judges, the whole auditorium became silent, a silence which was only intensified as Donald Albertson, the first speaker on the affirmative, stepped to the center of the stage.

The question debated was "Resolved, that the United States should enact a rigid Japanese exclusion law, constitutionality conceded." The arguments advanced by the team, Donald Albertson, Robert Stever, Ralph Chapman, and Kenneth Dickson were exceptionally strong ones. At the end of the presentation speeches the chances of victory seemed to be pretty evenly divided between the two teams, but in the rebuttal Chapman was

able to smash the arguments advanced by the negative, in spite of the fact that the captain of the Leonia team was also a very good speaker. In fact the debate was extremely interesting in that it was not at all one sided, and so the excitement was very great when the chairman opened the ballots, to say that there was no decision! The reason for this curious result of the debate was that one of the judges must have neglected to listen to his instructions, so that out of the three votes cast, one was for the negative, one for the affirmative, and the other was for a tie.

On learning this, there was an attempt made to have a revote taken, but as Leonia objected, the matter was allowed to rest, and to be taken up later at New Brunswick.

On the way home in the "bus" there was naturally a feeling of discontent at the decision, but by means of hearty songs and cheers, sung over and over, good spirits were restored and the students parted, feeling that they had heard a really fine debate, and that it would probably all turn out right in the end.

After much parley it was finally decided that the only fair way to rejudge the debate was to have it given again. According to this agreement,

the two teams met on the afternoon of the twenty-first of March at Forester's Hall where a large crowd had gathered to hear the speeches.

At the conclusion of the contest, which was in many respects superior to that at Leonia, Mr. Schmerber announced that Park Ridge had won by a vote of two to one. Everything was over, but the cheering!

The final debate of this group was held in Park Ridge on Monday evening, April 25. Hasbrouck Heights High School defended the affirmative, Park Ridge the negative. The decision was unanimous in favor of Park Ridge.

The Prom.

THE Junior-Senior Reception which took place at Forester's Hall on the evening of February eleventh, was an affair of the greatest success from beginning to end; a success in that each and every one enjoyed himself to his utmost and because of the fact that the reception will stand out among the important events of our school life.

And now to consider the individual items which went to make the affair a success. The decorations of red and white streamers not only produced a most charming and desired effect, but also served their purpose in doing away entirely with the despised high ceiling. Added to this was the cozy effect achieved by draping the lights with red strands. This arrangement of decorations was an idea due wholly to the initiative of the illustrious Seniors. One perceived, moreover, that around the walls there were suspended numerous red hearts, and that the stage was hidden by screens, an American flag, and palms.

The music, the Orpheum Trio, was especially fine, and the floor was "all slippery and wonderful." Now, what more could anyone possibly wish? But yes, there was something else too. Over in the corner in a very prominent position

was a large moon and great was the joy of all when the lights were turned out and the "Moonlight Waltz" took place. Also there was the confetti dance which proved a great success and after that the Grand March, led by Owen Clarke, president of the Junior Class. For this dance each gentleman was given a red cap and each lady a white hat, and with these still on their heads the couples marched two by two, in a large line, first in and out, and then forming circles in a regular maze of color.

And now, I wonder, have we mentioned everything? Alas, we have forgotten the dance programs in the shape of a heart which caught the eye and won the approval of all. The refreshment were ice cream and crackers, and punch—most desirable to the many parched dancers.

But not only for these reasons was it that the affair was so satisfactory, for, thanks to the patronesses, consisting of prominent ladies of the town, the Prom was a shining success, due in part too, to the originality of the entire evening's program and the hearty co-operation of all concerned.

May the Junior-Senior Reception as many before it have done, live in our memories, and be one of the bright spots to look back upon—which will recall to our minds many years hence, the enjoyable years spent at Park Ridge High.



Hoot Staff

JAMES HEALE
KENNETH DICKSON
DOUGLAS COOPER
RICHARD KUEHN
ARTHUR BURLINGTON

CARL GRONQUIST
ETHEL ROSEMUND
VIOLA HOFFMAN
JOYCE BAKER
DORA BECK

RALPH CHAPMAN

To The Underclassmen



THE Senior Class of '21, after four years of more or less successful endeavor at Park Ridge, is about to be graduated, and we wish to leave with you, underclassmen, the one request: "Keep alive the Park Ridge Spirit." In every way, the former classes of our Alma Mater have made this Spirit famous, and it is not only a duty but a privilege that you preserve this Spirit.

Do not ask us what this feeling is or whence it comes. It is something which each must gain for himself. It can be instilled only by the experiences and associations of high school life. There are some lucky fellows and girls who seem to be full of school spirit from the time they enter until they are graduated, and even after graduation they remain loyal to their school. On the other hand, there are a few unlucky ones who never grasp the full meaning of this Spirit and it is these, school-mates, whom you must labor over and befriend. Oftentimes, the pupil who seems to have no Spirit

is simply brimming over with it but he is naturally shy and reticent. We recommend such students to your tender ministrations, underclassmen. May this Spirit shine forth under your care.

You may well ask us for a concise definition of school spirit. Who can give one? It is that which makes a man tackle a much heavier opponent; it is that which makes a light team battle a heavier and more experienced opponent; and it is that which makes a beaten team fight to the death although there is but one chance in a thousand of winning the game. That is what school spirit means to the athlete. What about the vast majority who are not athletes? How may they show their spirit? Well, about the best way they can do this is to come out and cheer the teams. The bunch who comes to a football game on a freezing day in November, the crowd that attends a basketball game when they have to come through pouring rain, that's the crowd with School Spirit. All of us can sit in a warm schoolroom and follow a cheer-leader's gyrations with our voices, but School Spirit is something in the heart and not in the head. It requires sacrifice and he who has never sacrificed anything for his school cannot know true Spirit.

So far I have spoken only of athletics, but School Spirit can, and does, enter into the academic side of school life as well. The best athlete in the world shows little School Spirit if he allows his marks to fall below par. In the first place a fellow who allows his marks to go down must have very little self-respect, and in the second place he is no good to his school while his marks are in that condition. The same applies to all of us. It is our duty to make the record of Park Ridge High School as enviable in academic spheres as in athletics and in order to do this we must study and play fair with our teachers. We know that there are none in the school now who would engage in that contemptible practice known as "cribbing" but if any students should enter our school who have not the same high ideals as those of which we boast, we sincerely hope that you will help them to see that they are cheating themselves more than anyone else in the world.

In conclusion then, we leave you, fellow school-mates, the highest standards of fair play in studies and athletics, and we ask that you preserve them untarnished as they have come down to us through the years.

Commencement

The presentation of "AS YOU LIKE IT" on commencement night, June 23, was as beautiful as it was successful. The large cast was well chosen, and the parts well played. The singing, under the direction of Mrs. Rumery, was a feature of the performance.

The cast was as follows:

The Banished Duke..... ARTHUR BURLINGTON
Duke Frederick..... RALPH CHAPMAN
Amiens..... CARL GRONQUIST
Jaques..... KENNETH DICKSON
Le Beau..... GEORGE WHITEFIELD
Charles, the wrestler.... ARTHUR BURLINGTON
Oliver..... RICHARD KUEHN
Jaques de Bois..... RALPH CHAPMAN
Orlando..... DONALD ALBERTSON
Adam..... JAMES HEALE

Dennis..... CARL GRONQUIST
Touchstone..... JAMES JACOT
Sir Oliver Martext..... EUGENE HAGAN
Corin..... ROBERT STEVER
Silvius..... JAMES HEALE
William..... EUGENE HAGAN
Rosiland..... ETHEL ROSEMUND
Celia..... ARLINE MARSH
Hymen..... VIOLA HOFFMAN
Phebe..... DORA BECK
Audrey... MARIE SCHRIEVER
 LOUISE ELLIN
 MARGARET NELSON
Foresters JOYCE BAKER
 FRANCIS ENGLE
Coach..... BEATRICE B. STUMPF



Girls' Basketball

Due to the newness and inexperience of the players, the girls' team did not prosper well at the beginning of the season. The fine spirit and perseverance of the team even though they were losing most of the games, made the girls progress slowly but surely as the games won at the end of the season will show.

Park Ridge in her first few games, especially the one with Leonia, was quite badly beaten, but when she met Leonia the second time she held them down to one-half the first score. This indicated what practice, spirit, and the untiring efforts of the coach, Miss Hartt, was doing for P. R., for each time the girls played a much closer game, until in the next to the last game with Ramsey and in the last game with Ridgefield Park the girls won both games, ending the season victoriously.

Line Up:

MISS M. HARTT.....Coach
 ARLINE MARSH.....Manager
 JOYCE BAKER.....C. (Cap't.)
 ARLINE MARSH.....S. C.
 DORA BECKR. F.
 HAZEL HAYDEN.....L. F.
 MARGARET NELSON.....R. G.
 HELEN ODELL.....L. G.
 Substitutes—Elsie Holgren, Antoinette Piscacano.

OPP. PRHS.

Westwood	46	4
Leonia	84	4
East Rutherford	8	3
Pearl River	16	8
Hasbrouck Heights	46	4
East Rutherford	20	17
Ramsey	9	10
Ridgefield Park	13	15
Westwood	13	14



Boys' Basketball

In defeating the Ramsey High School Team, Park Ridge completed a very successful season: successful not in the number of games won, but in

the way in which they played with that indomitable spirit, characteristic of all Park Ridge teams.

In losing Kretz, Jacobs, and Wood, and having Albertson and Steven out for the greater part of the season, it can be readily seen that the team was under a great handicap. Despite this handicap, but with the good work of the substitutes, Chapman and Pause, we succeeded in defeating Pearl River, the Champions of Rockland County, and our old rival Westwood.

Line Up:

KENNETH DICKSON.....Manager
 D. ALBERTSONL. F.
 R. STEVERR. F.
 A. BURLINGTONC. (Cap't.)
 O. CLARKE.....L. G.
 G. WHITEFIELDR. G.
 Substitutes—R. Chapman, H. Pause, G. Albertson, J. Tatem, K. Dickson.

OPP. PRHS.

Westwood	19	20
Leonia	23	12
East Rutherford	27	26
Pearl River	13	20
Hasbrouck Heights	23	19
East Rutherford	18	15
Ramsey	15	20
Ridgefield Park	20	20
Westwood	18	38

Bill of Rights

- | | | | |
|--------------------|--|---------------------|--|
| <i>Article I</i> | The Seniors shall have the right to peaceably assemble and to discuss questions to be settled. | <i>Article V</i> | The Juniors shall not prohibit the Seniors from primping before the Junior mirror. |
| <i>Article II</i> | The members of the lower classes shall not pass any act or law which shall infringe upon the rights and immunities of the Seniors. | <i>Article VI</i> | The Seniors shall have the power to coin words, invent new poems, and use slang expressions but not in school. |
| <i>Article III</i> | Only the Seniors who arrive early in the morning shall have the privilege of regulating the radiators on cold days. | <i>Article VII</i> | The latest book on spelling shall not be published by the Seniors this year, but by the intelligent Juniors. |
| <i>Article IV</i> | <p>Since the Seniors require more exercise than a six mile walk, they have been given the following privileges:</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1 Of walking up a flight of stairs each morning. 2 Of carrying wet cloaks from the senior closet to the cellar. | <i>Article VIII</i> | The Seniors shall be excused if they giggle when they suddenly hear the donkey hee-haw or when some freshman makes a seemingly humorous exclamation. |
| | | <i>Article IX</i> | The map of the U. S. shall hang in the Senior room, partly as an aid in history tests. |
| | | <i>Article X</i> | The memories of the misfortunes and joys of each Senior during his last and best year of high school shall not be obliterated by anyone. |

Class Songs

Tune: "*Love Bird*"

Park Ridge, we are leaving you
After many joyous years.
It is with regret that we
Bid you good-bye so soon;
So the seniors of old Park Ridge,
Do sing this little song
Of love and tears at parting
From our dear old school.

Chorus

Park Ridge, we must leave you
To the Sophs and Juniors,
And to their care entrust you;
They know not the love that
We have for our old high school.
When our new school's finished,
We shall come up to greet it.
Good-bye Park Ridge,
May your good name live for ever—
So long, dear old Park Ridge High.

Tune: "*O, I Love the Land of Old Black Joe*"

Oh, Seniors old,
There's a story told
That we will leave Park Ridge High;
Time is passing each day
That will shorten our stay.

We hate to go,
We love you so.
Yet we have parts in this world,
But all through our life
We'll think of you and we'll try to keep bright.

Chorus

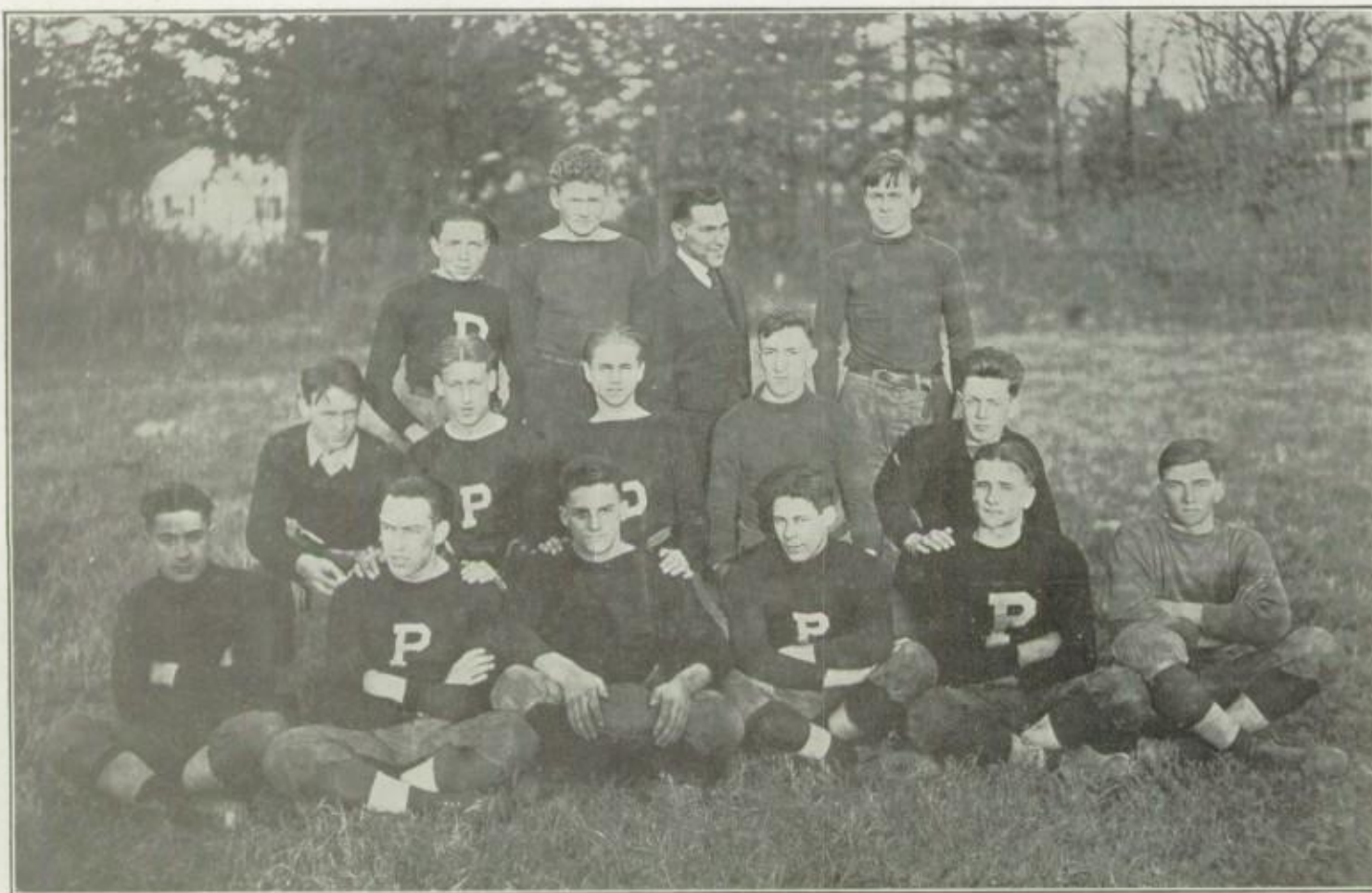
FOR (Shout)

We love our dear old Park Ridge High,
And we leave you with a sigh.
When years are passed and gone,
We wish we had not gone so soon;
Our days are numbered here
Until the end of this school year,
The work, the lessons, and the play
Is our routine each day,
So all the time we'll think and sigh,
Of the good times at Park Ridge High.

Tune: "*Broadway Rose*"

Park Ridge

Park Ridge High you're above all the rest;
Your dear name has been raised to the sky;
'Tis to you that we sing;
And your loud praises ring;
And for you we have stood all these years,
In your sports you have always excelled;
In football and basketball too.
'Tis for you that we fight
On the gridiron and court.
Park Ridge High, 'tis to you we give all.



Football Notes

The 1920 Football Season of the Park Ridge High School was a most successful one. Despite the many disadvantages and the material which turned out for practice, the members of the school had the pleasure of seeing this little team fight with a spirit that has never before been known in Park Ridge.

Behind this achievement stood the faithful Captain O. T. Clarke, working in conjunction with Coach Brooks and Manager Chapman. The fine work of these three men and the work of their team mates, backed up by the support of the entire student body, have made it possible to carry through a football season never before excelled in the history of Park Ridge High School.

Park Ridge vs. Englewood.

The first game of the season was rather discouraging. The Englewood players by their weight were able to carry us down the field for a score of 43 points. Park Ridge, however, scored the first 7 points of the game, and was one of the few teams to score first on Englewood. The game

taught us a lesson which we carried with us through the succeeding games of the season.

The final score was 43 to 7 favor of Englewood.

Park Ridge vs. Ridgefield Park.

The second game of the season was a game that "boosted" the spirits of Park Ridge. The game was played against Ridgefield Park in Park Ridge. The entire team pulled together as a body. Ridgefield Park did not have one chance to make a touchdown. The game was fast and well played. This game meant a great deal to us as we had the pleasure of seeing the well coached team of Mr. Ericson put away by another Park Ridge victory. After continual line bucking and end runs, the Park Ridge team scored 33 points, while Ridgefield Park did not score at all.

Park Ridge vs. Spring Valley.

This game was slow, neither team being able to make any advances. The condition of the Spring Valley field was such that fast playing was almost impossible. The spirit of the Park Ridge team seemed to be low, and therefore plays were slow. The score was Park Ridge, 6 and Spring Valley, 0.

Park Ridge vs. Hasbrouck Heights.

Park Ridge, with a feeling of confidence, traveled to Hasbrouck Heights to play the fourth game

of the season. This proved to be the hardest team that we were ever pitted against. The game proved fatal to some players. Heale sprained his ankle and Albertson received injuries to his finger. With these two men out, our team was greatly handicapped. Nearly everyone on the team received injuries of some kind. The game ended in the score of Hasbrouck Heights, 13; Park Ridge, 6.

Park Ridge vs. Nyack.

The game with Nyack, at Nyack, proved to be a close one. The two teams were evenly matched, but the game was slow and lacked "pep." Nyack made the first touchdown but failed to kick the goal. A good deal of hard plunging failed to gain any ground for Park Ridge. Finally Clarke managed to get through for a touchdown; our team kicking the goal, making the score 7 to 6 in favor of Park Ridge.

Park Ridge vs. Leonia.

We looked upon our next game with a little doubt. This game was to be with Leonia, who had been victorious over Park Ridge for some years. The game opened with a bit of fast playing on the part of both teams; but after Park Ridge made the first touchdown the rest was easy.

The score for Park Ridge rolled up to 26, while Leonia did not score once.

Park Ridge vs. Spring Valley.

This was the second game played with Spring Valley. The other game was Spring Valley's first game and we expected a hard game, but it became known that Spring Valley had lost four of her best men. The game was one of the most snappy games of the season. Spring Valley, our bitter rival for years, was outplayed at every turn. The game ended with a score of Park Ridge, 26; Spring Valley, 0.

Park Ridge vs. Ridgefield Park.

In this game, the second with Ridgefield Park, Park Ridge was given a hard battle by a "thirteen man team." Park Ridge had no chance against the decisions of the umpire and referee. Stever managed to get away for one touch-down, which was all that Park Ridge could get. Final score, Ridgefield Park, 21; Park Ridge, 7.

Park Ridge vs. Hasbrouck Heights.

The second game with Hasbrouck Heights was the hardest fought game of the season. It was with a great deal of trouble that Park Ridge was able to force the ball down the field for a touch-down. In the last few minutes of the game a

forward was passed to a Hasbrouck Heights player, over the goal line. Being dark, it was hard to see whether he caught it or dropped it, therefore no touchdown was made. Score, Park Ridge, 7; Hasbrouck Heights, 0.

Park Ridge vs. Ramsey

On Armistice Day Park Ridge went to Ramsey. The Ramsey boys had been to Park Ridge a few weeks previous and had proven to be a hard and well-trained team. This meant a hard fight. The game opened and in the first minute Henry Piscano, going to tackle a Ramsey player, was intercepted and received a broken leg. Seib, a 'green' man, was put in his place and the game continued. The Park Ridge spirit was very low. With the loss of one of our guards everything seemed to be against Park Ridge. But it proved to be different. The Ramsey team was not so well trained, but had much more weight than had Park Ridge. But with Heale and Albertson running away with forwards, and Dickson going through the whole Ramsey team, a score of 35 was made while Ramsey did not score.

Park Ridge vs. Leonia

This was the last scheduled game of the season, but it was doubtful as to whether it would be played, as weather conditions were very much against it. The field was in poor condition and slow playing on the part of both teams was the result. Therefore it was not long runs or line plunges that gained any ground for Park Ridge; it was forward passes. The game ended with a score of 20 for Park Ridge and 4 for Leonia.

Park Ridge vs. Park Ridge Alumni

The day for the great Alumni Game came. Considering the weight and experience that the Alumni team had, it looked as though the unexperienced men of the High School would have a hard time keeping these players from getting a large score. The Alumni made the first touchdown but failed to kick the goal. Park Ridge High held the Alumni, and also made a touchdown and kicked the goal, thus making the score 7 to 6 in favor of the High School. It looked hopeful. There was about three minutes to play when Neuberger of the Alumni made one of his famous drop

kicks, thus bringing their score up to 9. The game ended, giving the High School no more chance to score.

Final score, Alumni, 9; High School, 7.

Total points, Park Ridge, 187; opponents, 92.

Players	Points Scored
CLARKE, Captain.....	90
DICKSON	24
ALBERTSON	19
KUEHN	17
BURLINGTON	18
HEALE	12
STEVER	6
CHAPMAN, Manager
ROGER TER KUILE.....	..
REINALD TER KUILE.....	..
KYLE
WHITEFIELD
HERRING
PISACANO
MORAN

Class Roster

DONALD ALBERTSON

FAVORITE EXPRESSION
"Gee Gosh."

NICKNAME
"Doc"

AMBITION
To be a red-haired man.

Don isn't a doctor by a Bachelor of Arts,
 He is better known as a doctor of hearts.
 His favorite color is not often said,
 But when it's hair, it has to be red.

JOYCE BAKER

*"I dont know a thing about the les-
 son."*

"Mike"

To change her nationality.

Joyce is our little Irish friend,
 She stands for Ireland to the end.
 The map of Ireland is on her face,
 Begorra, she even wears Irish lace.

THEODORA BECK

"Gee."

"Dora"

*To become treasurer of some organi-
 zation.*

In basketball Dora's a queen,
 (Baskets are not at all what they seem),
 It comes to her so easy that
 When she makes a basket we all fall flat.

ARTHUR BURLINGTON

*"Hach Degaben."**"Lil Artha"**To smoke cigarettes.*

Arthur at lessons is a shark,
 And in Science always hits the mark,
 But Cupid also takes a shot,
 For Arthur likes his blonde a lot.

RALPH CHAPMAN

*"Where do you guys get that stuff?"**"Raliph"**To keep his hair cut short.*

When our friend Ralph does graduate,
 P. R.'ll lose talent at an awful rate.
 The boy who's the brains of the Senior Class—
 That's what's reflected in the looking-glass.

DOUGLAS COOPER

*"Say, Listen."**"Doug"**To talk in short, jerky sentences.*

Doug's leaning to poetry we all do know,
 And all admit, makes a pretty good show;
 But when it comes to getting girls,
 He always picks a brunette with curls.

KENNETH DICKSON

*"How Come?"**"Ken"**To be a Jew.*

And next in line comes our president,
 Who they say is always on pleasure bent.
 Knocking! they say he's made it an art,
 His wisdom and learning thus to impart.

"My Goodness."

LOUISE ELLIN

"Lou"

To be 2 ft. 1 in. tall.

Louise is a girl, quite tall and slim;
She works at her studies with zeal and vim;
To our palace of learning she comes every day,
And, to tell you the truth, she rides all the way.

"Tee Hee."

FRANCES ENGLE

"Fanny"

To roll her eyes.

On the back seat of a comfy sleigh,
No one knows or ever can say
What two people do when they sit side by side,
Ask Frances, she'll tell you, because she's tried.

"Gosh!!"

CARL GRONQUIST

"Carl"

Never to study.

Carl is a student wondrous wise;
He was never known to show surprise;
A person was never even seen
Who could disturb him; he's so calmly serene.

"Hello General."

EUGENE HAGAN

"Cap"

To get up late for a change.

Though he's been coming to school for quite a while,
Cap Hagan's got them all beat a mile;
He is *always* on time, for his watch is so fast
They say he's got them all "lashed to the mast."

"Hot Dogs."

JAMES HEALE

*"Jimmy"**To play classical music.*

Now Jimmie has a fiddle and bow,
 And with it ragtime sure does show;
 But Jimmie writes—Oh, he's no fool—
 To a Pearl River friend away at school.

"Six Cents, Please."

VIOLA HOFFMAN

*"Vi"**To become an aviatrix.*

Viola likes a movie show,
 And very often she does go.
 Her friend is tall and carries a stick,
 I think his name—it must be Dick.

"Gol Bli Me!"

JAMES JACOT

*"Jim"**To sit still during one dance.*

Jimmy at music sure is a bird—
 And talking of friends, he sure has a herd.
 He likes to smoke and drive with speed,
 But one day—he finished the deed.

"Hot Tamale."

RICHARD KUEHN

*"Dick"**To absorb Tatem's Yiddish qualities.*

Dick in the movies is quite a boy,
 Running machines he sure does enjoy;
 But Dick can shine when the lights are out;
 (That you'll have to ask Viola about.)

ARLINE MARSH

"Oh, Gee!"

"Leenie"

To be an artist's model.

Arline, a maid with golden hair,
And skin and eyes of beauty rare,
Be careful of that good complexion,
Some day it might run in the wrong direction.

MARGARET NELSON

"I'll Kick You."

"Retta"

To use rubber "heals."

Margaret in basketball sure is a fan,
And a friend in need and a right-hand man,
In Biology class she's guard No. 2—
Ask Mr. Brooks, he'll prove it to you.

ETHEL ROSEMUND

"Good Night."

"Effie"

To be good in History.

When speaking of girls who are quiet and shy,
One never does know when Ethel is nigh;
In her manner and looks she is always demure,
But then you never can be quite so sure!

MARIE SCHRIEVER

"Be Quiet."

"Toots"

To get a permanent wave.

Marie loves to study we all do agree,
She likes neither English nor History;
She has a monkey—Mike it is named—
She should bring him to Park Ridge to have him tamed.

ROBERT STEVER

*To grow tall.**"Bob"**"Hay, Guy."*

Our little Bob is a geometrical star;
His eyes should be where they never are;
He gazes long and would walk a mile
Just to see "her" little smile.

GEORGE WHITEFIELD

*To write his own spelling book.**"Whitey"**"Come on, Lay Off That!"*

Whitey comes from River Edge school,
And even in Park Ridge he's no fool;
In spelling he is quite a shark,
And always gets the highest mark.

The Landing

Between the stairs and the attic
Of the school upon the hill
Is a pause in our daily ascension
Whose one password is "Still."

It's a refuge for all kinds of sinners,
For Freshmen and Seniors alike;
But the two that you'll always find there
Are the two we call "Leeny" and "Mike."

It's fitted out with a davenport,
A table, and two or three chairs,
There's a roll-top desk, and a 'lectric light,
But the main thing is the stairs.

The very minute a step is heard,
All eyes turn toward that "flight";
(It's usually only Ethel and I
But four eyes gaze with afright.)

For at the foot of those — steps
Up which we seldom race,
A desk, a typewriter, and a chair,
Is Mr. Schmerber's tiny place.

It's usually during the study hour
That one can't laugh or sneeze,
A cold, curt, "Outside, please."
Without almost always hearing

And so we betake ourselves to the landing,
That place above the stairs,
(If the "sofa" refuses to hold us all
(We double up on the chairs.)

And we're always very quiet;
We never laugh or shout;
And we never go downstairs for things
We'd rather do without.

Perhaps you too will need to come
To the landing we know so well,
But what you do, or what you've done
We neither ask nor tell.

Cook Book of 1921

ETHEL ROSEMUND

To a well-stirred mixture of plumpness and good looks add a pint of nevertiring cordial spirit. Add a teaspoonful of musical ability, a portion of scholarship, and flavor with a cheery bearing.

KENNETH DICKSON

Stir together literary ability, originality, and simplicity. Add a dash of wit, hidden under a coat of quiet reserve.

CARL GRONQUIST

To scholarly attainment add cheerfulness and love of service. No artificial coloring or frosting is necessary. Serve this dish frequently.

ARTHUR BURLINGTON

Take from life all worry and care, and in their place put a nature rare. Add then a pinch of jollity which makes this boy of ability.

ARLINE MARSH

Take a mixture of studious qualities the greatest portion being of history. Flavor with love of dogs.

EUGENE HAGAN

To a tablespoon of good-nature add a cupful of mentality, and flavor with love of geometry. Serve in a class room, rather late.

VIOLA HOFFMAN

To a cupful of unstudied lessons add a few romantic novels. Spice with an appreciation of the masculine qualities.

RALPH CHAPMAN

Mix equal portions of fairness, school spirit, and love of debating. Stir well with good-nature and ability.

GEORGE WHITEFIELD

Mix together equal portions of talk, smiles, and student qualities. Flavor with intellect and serve with simplicity.

DORA BECK

To a strong character add a measure of musical ability. Stir well, sprinkle with a vivid imagination, and garnish with modesty.

LOUISE ELLIN

To a cupful of academic pursuits add a cupful of domestic attainments. Flavor with a gentle manner.

MARGARET NELSON

To a cupful of quiet nature add a portion of carefulness. Serve in the latest style.

JOYCE BAKER

To a large amount of smiles add friendliness to all. Stirr in a decided liking for basket-ball and serve regularly.

DOUGLAS COOPER

To a cupful of sleepiness add an equal portion of friendliness.

DONALD ALBERTSON

To a cupful of flirtation add an appreciation of red hair. Season with smiles. The finished sweet will be delightful.

JAMES JACOT

To a well-beaten mixture of musical ability, love of jazz, and appreciation of the feminine sex add a quart of unstudied lessons. The result will be astonishing.

ROBERT STEVER

Stir together oratorical ability, originality, and congeniality. Flavor with jollity.

MARIE SCHRIEVER

To a cupful of flirtation add a teaspoonful of unstudied lessons. Add an appreciation of the masculine qualities.

RICHARD KUEHN

To a cupful of romance add a teaspoonful of musical ability. Flavor with power to talk Jewish.

FRANCIS ENGLE

To a quiet disposition add a love of music. Garnish with animosity for all history.

JAMES HEALE

Mix together a rather quiet disposition, love of music, and a funny little laugh. Sprinkle with a pinch of unstudied lessons.

Graveyard Poetry

Shed a tear for little Bob,
 A train came along and he lost his nob.
 Here lies Dora, who lead the cheers
 Until Atropos came and cut with her shears.
 Here lies Doc whose temper was hot,
 But he's gone to a place where we hope it is not.
 Under the soil six feet deep
 Lies "little" Louise in a peaceful sleep.
 Stop! Look at the grave of our sweet Chappy,
 Who married a blonde and died real happy.
 Here lies Dickson, who did his part,
 He took his life when he lost his Hartt.
 In this grave lies Jimmy Heale;
 He died in want of a square meal.
 Stranger pause as you pass by,
 Here's the remains of a girl named Vi.
 He is dead, is our friend Dick;
 Lord preserve him from the old boy "Nick."
 In her grave is Arline Marsh;
 She got married but he was too harsh.

Retta is a girl who was a nurse;
 Some thought her bad, but she wasn't so worse.

Ethel plugged both night and day,
 Until the angles called and she went away.

Miss Engle was a shy little miss,
 Who died when receiving her first kiss.

Here lies the body of little Marie;
 She's gone to heaven, and so has he.

Arthur of the girls was fond;
 He died while chasing a peroxide blonde.

A very wild boy was our friend Jim,
 But two times married did for him.

Hagan's gone, but he had to go,
 For he'd learned everything that there was to
 know.

Cooper is gone, he was real clever;
 Now he can sleep forever and ever.

Carl is gone from this land;
 And now he plays in the heavenly band.

Here lies Joyce an Irish queen
 And waving above her is a flag of green.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow!
 The angels called Whitey and he had to go.

Levi Cohen

GENTS, der soobject uf mine leedle talk dis efening iss voman, der loveliest creature efer put on earth. Before ve marry dem ve tell dem ve can't live mitout dem und after ve are married to dem ve find ve can't live mit dem. Every man is entitled to eight wives, because ven you get married don't der preacher say *for* better or *for* vorse.

De Good Book says dat voman came from der rib uf man, but I vould like to see der rib vot Barnum's fat voman came from. Oi, vimmen are now enterink politics. Dey say voman's place is at der polls. Sure, der Nort und der Sout poles. Der vimmen boast dat dey haff taken der places uf men und get men's wages. Dey always got men's wages, only now dey haff to work for dem.

Dey say pity der poor bachelor. He got nobody to sew any buttons on his shirt. Look at der poor married man; he got no shirt to sew buttons on.

Now we haff lady firemen. Oi, oi, can you imagine dot? Suppose dere came in an alarm all uf a sudden. Der lady firemen vould ferst haff to cold cream und paint dere sheeks. Den comes powder for der nose. Dey den get ouid in der

street. In a big department store dere is going on a sale und dey see it. I esk you, peoples, vot habbens to der fire in der meantime? Dey now tell us dey haff lady sheriffs and policemen. Again I esk you can you see an oldt maid policeman arrest a man? No, indeed, mine friendts; instead of der station house und der sergeant she vould march him to der parish house und der parson. Anudder crook gone wrong.

Und dose married vimmen. You don't know vat you got before you get dem und after you get dem you don't know vat you've got. Der udder night I vent mineself to der movies. In der middle uf der picture der manager announced dat dere is a married voman mit anudder married man in der teator und dat he vill put ouid der lights so der couple vill leaf der show quietly und dere vill be no disturbance. All right, ouid goes der lights. In anudder minute dey come on again. Oi, der teater is empty, all but me und Abie.

Mine friendts, voman's greatest fault is talking. I read in der paper yesterday dat a voman had nagged her husband to death und den she put up a tombstone for him. On it she wrote, "Rest in peace until I join you!"

Mine friend Abie says his old voman can boss him but he is king in his own house. Sure he is king; I was dere when his wife crowned him mit a frying pan.

Class 1921

Donald Albertson, nicknamed "Doc,"
 A fellow whom we all respect,
 Married soon after he left our midst.
 (They say that he is sure henpecked.)

Surely you remember Joyce,
 The fellows used to call her "Mike"?
 Now she's teaching girls and boys
 Readin', writin', an' such like.

Dora Beck, the girls' best player,
 Sure could give that ball a twist;
 Now of Park Ridge, she's the mayor,
 Rules it with an iron first.

Little Art, our champion center,
 Travelled down to Stevens' Tech,
 Soon he was a star inventor—
 Made a jug that had no neck.

Next our old friend, D. E. Cooper,
 At writing stuff he was a shark;
 Alas, he runs the loop-the-looper,
 Right near the gates at Palisades Park.

Kenny Dickson, handsome loafer,
 Made two million or maybe three;
 Now he sits upon a sofa,
 Nibbling crackers, drinking tea.

Tall Miss Ellin, proud and haughty,
 You should see our dear Louise!
 She no longer thinks he's naughty
 As he holds her on his knees.

Miss Engle was a quiet miss,
 Oh! shy, quiet, and demure was Frances
 Until she tasted her first kiss;
 Now she sings, laughs, whistles, and dances.

I must tell you about Gronquist—
 Tho' I really shouldn't bother;
 He went out and made a conquest—
 Now ten kiddies call him father.

To become a lawyer brilliant,
 That's what Hagan deemed his mission;
 Now he has the thanks of millions,
 For he cut out prohibition.

Miss Hoffman, when she left our school,
Got married quick and settled down;
Her husband says (and Dick's no fool);
"She's the best little wife in the whole darn town."

Jimmy Heale, our football star,
Sure could play a violin.
Now he own's a regular car,
And has loads of shining tin.

Jacot earns his living still
With the fingers of his hand;
As he plays in vaudeville,
Shop girls whisper, "Ain't he grand!"

There always was some go and hop
In husky, football-playing Dick;
Now in New York's best barbershop
He waits, your face and ears to nick.

You remember shy Miss Marsh?
Teaching: that was her vocation
'Til she met an "ace," by gosh,
Then she took up aviation.

Young Miss Nelson took up nursing;
Now she holds beneath her spell

Men whose ills she is dispersing,
They do not want to get well.

Ethel Rosemund, you remember,
Yes, that's she, that quiet girl;
Now she's a hair-dressing artist,
Marcelle, bob, or simply curl.

Let me tell you of Miss Schriever!
She made one young man be good;
He told her then, he'd never leave her—
Now she wishes that he would.

As we read each fellow's life,
We must not forget Bob Stever;
He's got the sweetest little wife;
He says he'll never, never, grieve her.

As for Whitey, little dearie,
With his face so bored and weary,
He leads an existence dreary:
Announcer on the well-known Erie.

And as for poor, insignificant Me,
I'm naught but a second class poet, you see,
My rhythm is wild and my meter is free,
But still I remain. yours, as ever, R. C.

Class Initials

D. G. A.	Doth Goddesses Admire
J. I. B.	Just Irish, Boys
D. C. B.	Does Crush Boys
A. J. B.	After Jeweled Blonds
R. H. C.	Really Hates Church
D. E. C.	Does Elizabeth Care?????
K. H. D.	Knockers Haven't Died
L. R. E.	Leads Riots Everyday
F. J. E.	Forever Jestng Energetically
C. H. G.	Charms Heartless Girls
W. E. H.	William Ever Hurries
J. A. H.	Jeanne (Gene) Adores Him
V. M. H.	Very Much Hurried
J. W. J.	Just Worships Jazz
R. A. K.	Resembles a King
A. M.	Always Meditative
M. N.	Mighty Noisy
E. E. R.	Ever Enjoys Rackets
M. D. S.	Much Desires Someone
R. W. S.	Runs Wild Sometimes
G. F. W.	Gladly Follows Women

FACULTY INITIALS

B. B. S.	Beloved By Seniors
L. J. S.	Likes Junior Secretaries
M. A. E.	Much Against Excitement
E. M. A.	Early Morning Arrival
D. E. W.	Does Enjoy Wine
C. B. R.	Cardinal Blush Rose
S. B.	Seeks Blondes!

Favorite Victor Records

"I Love The Ladies" DONALD ALBERTSON

"You Ought To See Her Now" JOYCE BAKER

"Scandal Walk" RALPH CHAPMAN

"Bashful Lin and Lovin' Louise" . . LOUISE ELLIN

"Give Me the Sultan's Harem"
KENNETH DICKSON

"I've Got the Finest Man" DORA BECK

"Bonnie Sweet Carlie" CARL GRONQUIST

"I'm A Lonesome Little Rain Drop"
FRANCIS ENGLE

"A Young Man's Fancy" VIOLA HOFFMAN

"When You Dance With A Certain Girl"
JAMES HEALE

"I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now"
RICHARD KUEHN

"Fair One" ARLINE MARSH

"Helen, Where Art Thou" ROBERT STEVER

"How Ya Gonna Keep Her Down On
the Farm" MARGARET NELSON

"After You Get What You Want You
Don't Want It" GEORGE WHITEFIELD

"When I Look In Your Wonderful Eyes"
ETHEL ROSEMUND

"Sweet Mama Papa's Getting Mad"
JAMES JACOT

"It's Time To Close Your Drowsy Eyes"
DOUGLAS COOPER

"Good-bye Girls, I'm Through" . EUGENE HAGAN

"Somewhere A Voice Is Calling Me"
(Pearl River) ARTHUR BURLINGTON

Ten Commandments

- | | | | |
|-----|--|------|--|
| I | Thou shalt study from the rising of the sun even unto the going down. | V | Honor the Rules and Regulations that thy days may be long at P. R. |
| II | Thou shalt not deface thy desk wherein thou sitteth lest so great be the wrath of the "Duke" that he shall visit thy iniquity upon thee. | VI | Thou shalt not kill time lest thou be lacking in Exams. |
| III | Thou shalt not take the names of the faculty in vain. | VII | Thou shalt not speak evil of any teacher lest thy remaining marks be worse than the beginning. |
| IV | Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it not holy. Six days we do bluff and play, but the seventh we work. | VIII | Thou shalt not carry notes with thee when thou takest an Examination. |
| | | IX | Thou shalt not forget thy classmates when getting a lecture. |
| | | X | Thou shalt not covet the knowledge of thy classmate nor try to find out thy marks on the sly. |

Senior Alphabet

- | | | | |
|---|--|---|--|
| A | is for Albertson, a good sport and quite sunny; | K | is for Kuehn, who makes the drums ring; |
| B | is for Baker, who likes "Crums" and honey,
Also for Burlington who always is smiling; | L | is for league, but not of the nations; |
| C | is for Cooper, ever beguiling,
And also for Chapman, good at debating; | M | is for Marsh who hands out the rations,
As well as Marie with good recitations; |
| D | is for Dickson, who ever is waiting,
As well as for Dora whose anxiety grows; | N | is for Nelson a guard on our team; |
| E | is for Ellin of calm and repose; | O | is for olives, they're not what they seem; |
| F | is for failures; we have none of those,
And also for Francis who has many beaux; | P | is for Park Ridge, the school we love best; |
| G | is for Gronquist whose hair is not curly; | Q | is the questions we have in the test; |
| H | is for Hagan, who always comes early,
And also for Heale with his fiddle and bow; | R | is for Rosemund, a maid with a curl; |
| I | is faculty's ire which all of us know; | S | is for Stever who cares for no girl; |
| J | is for Jacot, who at jazz is a king; | T | is for teachers whom we obey and adore; |
| | | U | is for United, us the big four; |
| | | V | is for Viola—did someone say Dick? |
| | | W | is for Whitefield, who sure is a brick; |
| | | X | is that number which oft makes us weep; |
| | | Y | is for youth which we all want to keep; |
| | | Z | is for zero, just where I began. |

Shakespeare Says

JOYCE BAKER	"I hear a tongue, shriller than all music."	ARLINE MARSH	"Present fears are less than horrible imagin- ings!"
DORA BECK	"From her eyes I did re- ceive fair speechless messages."	DOUGLAS COOPER	"He is a dreamer."
LOUISE ELLIN	"Thy paleness moves me more than eloquence."	CARL GRONQUIST	"I am not gamesome."
VIOLA HOFFMAN	"Many a Jason comes in quest of her."	GEORGE WHITEFIELD	"So likely an ambassador of love."
ETHEL ROSEMUND	"As chaste as Diana."	RALPH CHAPMAN	"When Cæsar says, 'Do this,' it is performed."
MARIE SCHRIEVER	"Dares never come in rain for fear her colors will be washed away."	ARTHUR BURLINGTON	"Too wild, too rude, too bold of voice."
MARGARET NELSON	"The scorn of your bright eyes——"	RICHARD KUEHN	"Not in love, neither?"

- | | |
|------------------|---|
| DONALD ALBERTSON | "She's not so fair as Helen." |
| KENNETH DICKSON | "What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?" |
| ROBERT STEVER | "His hair is of the dissembling color." |
| JAMES JACOT | "We must have you dance." |
| EUGENE HAGAN | "A Daniel comes to judgment." |
| JAMES HEALE | "I'll not be tied to hours or appointed time, but learn my lessons as I please myself." |

Senior Class Plays

After much hard work in the preparation of the customary Senior Class plays, both by Mrs. Stumpf and by the students of the class, they were very successfully presented in Forester's Hall on Friday, May 13. Although to many the date may sound foreboding it was for the Seniors very lucky. Those who saw the four one-act plays presented were greatly pleased and certainly satisfied with them as the work of amateurs.

The casts of the plays were as follows:

"THE FOUR-FLUSHERS"

<i>Henry Cunningham</i>	RICHARD KUEHN
A Married Man	
<i>Muriel Cunningham</i>	JOYCE BAKER
His Wife	
<i>Vincent Dulaney</i>	DOUGLAS COOPER
Her Affinity	
<i>Fuller</i>	JAMES JACOT
The Butler	
<i>An Unexpected Visitor</i>	DORA BECK

"SHAM"

<i>The Thief</i>	DONALD ALBERTSON
<i>Charles</i>	KENNETH DICKSON
The Householder	
<i>Clara</i>	VIOLA HOFFMAN
His Wife	
<i>A Reporter</i>	EUGENE HAGAN

"THE FLORIST SHOP"

MaudeETHEL ROSEMUND
 The Florist's Bookkeeper
Henry CARL GRONQUIST
 The Office Boy
SlowskyRALPH CHAPMAN
 The Proprietor
Miss WellesLOUISE ELLIN
 A Spinster
Mr. JacksonJAMES HEALE
 A Bachelor

"TRIFLES"

George HendersonARTHUR BURLINGTON
 The County Attorney
Henry PetersGEORGE WHITEFIELD
 The Sheriff
Louis HaleROBERT STEVER
 A Farmer
Mrs. PetersMARGARET NELSON
Mrs. HaleARLINE MARSH

History Class

(With Apologies to Tennyson)

Half a yard, half a yard,
Half a yard onward,
Into the History Class
Strode a "Quarter Hundred."
Forward the Fright Brigade,
"Charge for your seats!" she said.
Into the class of strife
Strode a "Quarter Hundred."

Forward the Fright Brigade!
Was there a maid dismay'd?
Yes, when the maiden knew
How she had blundered,
Theirs was to make reply,
Theirs was to reason why,
Theirs, too, to do though die;
Into that room "scar'd stiff,"
Strode a "Quarter Hundred."

Maps to the right of them,
Maps to the left of them,
Maps in front of them,
Books, charts—they wondered,
When would the terror end?
When would the class suspend?
Would she her ways amend?
—That poor "Quarter Hundred!"

When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
All the school wondered.
Out the maids fell pell-mell,
When they heard that blest bell,
Up rose a thankful yell,
Martyr'd "Quarter Hundred."



EMERSON
QUALITY
PRESS
Emerson
N. J.



